



Monday

Darling;

I'm depressed. Every week I hate coming back here a little more than I did the preceding week. It's all so discouraging. A lot of the fellows are getting ready to leave for general hospitals, for POEs, etc, but I still go rolling along. There's a new rumor out now to the effect that some of the fellows will stay here at Camp Grant as physical ed instructors for the rehabilitation program they intend to have here. God forbid that this should happen to me. At the present stage of the game I'd be perfectly satisfied to go POE immediately providing I went to the European Theater of war. I do not want to undergo more basic training.

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I worked with Bob all day today. Nobody knows that I'm not supposed to be working there and as long as I look halfway busy no one will bother me. It's the best way of goofing off that there is. I am on guard duty tonite from 2:00 AM till 6:00 AM so I intend to do a lot of sleeping tomorrow. We didn't even stand guard mount tonite. Lt. Fajen is Officer of the Day and just does not give a damn. I think I'll get some sleep after I post the guard. I think they have sense enough to stop walking at six in the morning.

Bob and Howard Gold are also unassigned as yet. I hope I leave here with them - with Bob at least, because that would be nice. I hate having to make new friends all over again.

I barely had time to get from one station to another last nite and



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just made the train back to Camp Grant before it pulled out. As it was I had to buy my ticket on the train. It was mainly the fault of the cab driver who got into an argument with a woman and then went around ~~go~~ yelling at people and cursing them before he finally calmed down enough to get back in the cab and continue the journey. He wasted about five minutes berating the people.

I read something in TIME magazine that I never expected to see there. They were speaking of the new monetary plan conceived at Bretton Woods, N.H. and said that it would prevent a lot of nations from taking a 'wham-bamming' in world trade. I guess ~~But~~ Barnhart was right when he said that that joke was practically universal throughout the South at least.

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Gosh it's hot in here. I'm just sitting here writing to you and the sweat just pours off me by the bucket.

Gosh, Sweetheart, last weekend was marvelous despite Neva and Gil's efforts to gum things up. It's so nice being with you but so hard to bring myself to leave you when the weekend is over. I just barely made that bus in East Lansing. I'd rather just have to leave you like that tho than have to wait around saying goodbyes because it's so much harder when they drag out. I had to go back to get my ticket but when I turned around you were gone. Where did you go so fast Honey?

I got quite a bit of mail today. A couple of letters from you, one from Pauline, one from Mary, and even a post card from Mac. He didn't have much to say except to congratulate me on my engagement and to tell me he'd write me a letter soon. Mary wrote me a letter which got me downright sore. In my last letter





to her I told her that all was absolutely three between us and in this letter she told me that she felt very hurt since she had just finally started to make plans for our future and now I tell her this. She also said that she had always been sure in her mind that I was the only one. This really burned me up - she seems to have forgotten a couple of broken engagements and a lot of trouble she caused me. I want to write an even more definite and detailed letter than my last but don't want to right now because I don't like to write letters when I am angry with people. I'd rather wait till I cool off a little.

— I love you, Sweetheart !!! —

It's awfully quiet in here tonight. There's a typewriter pounding away behind me but that's the only sound. There are quite a few people too.

My debtor came thru today and as a result I have a whole ten dollar bill in my wallet. I'll just hang onto it till payday and then mail you the dimes I owe the bank. I also have to send some money to school - one more month after this and I'm free from them. I'll also have to send Mom some money this month because she and Dad paid for an operation I had to have just before I came into the army so I think I should reciprocate by helping them with Dad's doctor bills. All this isn't helping our postwar bankroll tho is it Darling. Oh well! I'm sure we'll be able to put aside quite a bit before then altho I'd just as soon not have to. I mean the shorter the war is, the less money we'll have at its end, but on the other hand the sooner we'll be together and that is really what I want ever so much. I'll close now Sweet, I have a lot of mail to get caught up on.

I love you! I love you! I love you!  
 Freddie -